

"TWENTY-FIVE CENTS."

John Murray, author, lawyer and popular young man, was under an unsheltered gas jet in the back aisle of a famous New York book shop, his hat and coat discarded, all sense of his surroundings gone, the time for dressing for a formal dinner creeping perilously near, while his eyes remained fixed on the pages of a book.

"Will you kindly attend to me?" There was asperity in the drawing voice.

John came out of his unreal world and found himself looking at the shelves of books. A young woman of brilliant blonde beauty standing before him, her eyebrows met in a small triangular frown.

"I bought this book only an hour ago," she placed a package before him while glancing around the shelves. "It journeyed to a friend to read on a journey. At luncheon I glanced through it. It's simply deadly. I want it exchanged."

John's expression would have betrayed him, but the pretty customer was not looking at him. It never occurred to her that "people who sold things," conductors, elevator boys, or waiters, had faces to be looked at and were to themselves quite as conspicuous in the scheme of things as she was.

She moved about, pulling down books and not putting them back, while addressing the air.

"There's no objection to exchanging it, I suppose."

"No—certainly not."

Once the words had passed his lips he felt himself committed to the situation. Besides, it might be interesting to study a society girl from the standpoint of a poor clerk who sold books in a gait shop while the world of fashion walked and drove in the winter.

"I'm in something of a hurry," she said over her shoulder, an ingredient in her voice which made him feel altogether a clerk and nothing of an individual.

"If you will kindly make a selection," he said, entering with secret delight and some fear into the mere roles.

She did not seem to hear him, but moved about, her pale gray velvet skirt making marks in the dust on the floor.

"Very wealthy, I imagine," murmured John. "A beauty, and horribly aware of it. She has a manner that would be called insolent if she were plain. I don't believe she's always rich—it's like wine in her blood. Has she brains?"

Not enough to make her uncomfortable. I'll look at this book she's brought back. That will tell me something of her mental equipment.

He removed the wrapping and glanced at the title. "The Fates Are Three." He drew a quiver at the title. His ears grew red. He was angry, then humbled. The abused volume was his own work, his latest novel, the "hit" of the season.

"We sell a great many of the Fates Are Three," he said almost wistfully. "I have heard so," she said, whirling the pages of a book.

"May I ask you don't like it? We—er—we value an expression of opinion from our customers," and he felt all decent.

"Oh, it's one of those deep things—no swing to it. It's stupid, that's all."

"But Mr. Murray has the critics on his side."

She lifted her brows, but did not trouble to answer.

"I'll take this"—laying a pearl colored volume before him with sprays of green blossoms as decoration. "Is there any difference between the Fates Are Three and the Fates Are Three?"

John's armor proper came out of its cover and mounted on a dais when he replaced him. "The Fates Are Three," by Angelina Dalrymple.

"Twenty-five cents," he said, briskly wrapping the book up. "Shall I send it for you?"

"Yes—to Miss Glendenning. No—Fifth avenue."

While he wrote the address she swept away, leaving a violet fragrance in the musty corner. John looked after her with a bit of malicious humor.

"Miss Glendenning—Margaret's idol, who raves over 'The Fates Are Three' and is so anxious to meet me because I'm the author of it. I'll get even with her for this."

He put the 25 cents carefully in a wallet, substituted another, and left it on top of his book for one of the clerks to find later and speculate over. Then he went "Wedded But Not Mated" to Miss Glendenning from a messenger office.

A few days later a note from his cousin Margaret awaited him with his coffee:

Dear Jack: I'm off in a rush for golf and a dance at Ardrey, but there's something you can do for me while I'm gone. Will you take 'The Fates Are Three' to me?—Fifth avenue, and introduce yourself? We are getting up tableaux for my kindergarten, and are taking bits from the latest novels. Miss Glendenning is managing the staging, and is not quite sure of some details in the costuming of the medieval period, in which "The Fates Are Three" is laid.

"Nor any other period but the present, I imagine," he snorted.

You will like her. She is a most enthusiastic admirer of your book, Jack, and this ought to please you. Go like a good boy.

MARGARET.

"I don't care in the least to know her," he announced to the toast rack. Later in the day he wrote:

Dear Miss Glendenning: The inclosed letter from my cousin explains why I write you. I keenly appreciate the honor you do me in wishing to stage some scenes from my book—but why not take "Wedded But Not Mated" instead? You like this so much better—you remember you paid twenty-five cents more for it—and there are such fervid love scenes, ruined abbeyes, secret chambers, stiles, moonlight, unbound golden hair on the part of the heroine, not to speak of the wild snowstorm into which she rushes madly to escape from the villain—and without a hat, of course. I haven't read it myself, but I feel positive all these are in it.

My dear Miss Glendenning, you did not know the service you were doing me when you paid out that twenty-five cents. It will keep me humble when relatives are so encouraging. I am sincerely and humbly yours, John Murray.

"I don't think my customer will look

SIR CHARLES DILKE.



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A DISAPPOINTED ROBBER.

[By M. Quad.]

I was a country boy fourteen years old when I went to pass the winter with Aunt Mary, and do the chores and go to school. Just previous to my coming she had sold a piece of land for \$2,000, and as she did not believe in banks she retained the money in the house.

I had been with her about a month, when one afternoon a cousin living ten miles away arrived with a horse and buggy and reported that his wife was at death's door. Aunt Mary instantly decided to return with him, and I was asked to remain all night in the house alone. It wasn't much of a feat of courage, for hardly a farmhouse door was bolted at night, and no one could remember when a theft of any consequence had been committed. There was half hidden laughter in her eyes as she said to me:

"Margaret looked him over in cousinly scorn. 'You'll be hard to please if you don't. I hope you're not getting an awfully big opinion of yourself, Jack. Oh, here they are!'"

A moment after it seemed to John that the room swung before his eyes and the rug went up to meet the ceiling. Margaret was introducing him to someone he had never seen before—a tall, graceful girl in simple black, with dark hair, a pale, rather thin face, lighted with wonderful, comprehensive, hazel eyes; with a manner that was almost boyishly frank and unaffected, and a voice so soft and beautiful it awakened all the poetry in him. This little, effery fatherhood within him was hurt, but he decided to push the steel farther.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

So few of us are rich enough to be financiers or kleptomaniacs that honesty still remains the best policy, generally speaking.—Puck.

"I wonder why the doctors are all so persistent about the danger there is in eating drinks? I should think if what they say is true they'd let us go on and make more business for them."

"Perhaps they think that people who take ice will not be able to eat doctors' bills."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What profession do you intend to have your son take up after he gets through college?"

"I did think of having him become an architect, but I've changed my mind. It will be easier for him to put the cap on by doing up the ice business."

Chicago Record-Herald.

Day's so little or so place when Satan live at preached in his day when time, day has ter put steam heaters in de churches ter climatize de sinners.—Atlanta Constitution.

"I believe that policeman is leading an upright life." "It's encouraging to think there are such men on the force." "Yes, he does so much on his feet that it doesn't seem as if he could possibly want to ever lie down to rest."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"And how," asked the Jersey Skeeter, "is the drill team getting along with that artesian well?" "O. K.," said the coach, "the motor is working perfectly. The boys have been drilling into that dude's skull for half an hour and have almost struck water."—Baltimore News.

"So you bought your husband a stop watch?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "I did it work." "Perfectly lovely," was the answer. "Charles took it to the races with him, and he says that every horse he was interested in stopped before it got into the home stretch."—Washington Star.

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WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—3 kitchen girls at once at S. E. corner 8th and Quincy sts.

WANTED—Dining room girls at S. E. corner 8th and Quincy sts.

WANTED—Competent white girl for general housework; no washing; good wages. 210 W. 5th st.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 224 Greenwood ave.

WANTED—Dining room girl. Inquire at First Ave. hotel, cor. 1st and Jefferson.

WANTED—Cooks, waitresses, house girls, chambermaids, dishwashers, porter, farm hands, women, 8th hotel; men and women for New Mexico, 811 Kansas ave. Capital Employment office.

WANTED—Bright lady to travel and take orders for office supplies. For particulars address J. K. Care Journal.

WANTED—Waitresses and house girls for Denver, Col.; 25 months board and room. 811 Kansas ave. Capital Employment office.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework; must take full charge. 623 Van Buren st.

WANTED—Sewing by the day. Address C. A. Care Journal.

WHEN you want to hire a man or boy, call up Y. M. C. A., telephone 211. We have a list of men and confidential references concerning them. M. A. Employment Bureau, 117 E. Eighth st.

WANTED—AGENTS

THE ONLY authorized Life of Pope Leo XIII. Written with the encouragement, approbation and blessing of His Holiness, for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of his life and his work. This distinguished American author, named to Rome and appointed by the pope as his official biographer. Approved by the Vatican authorities as the only official biography of the pope. Over 800 pages, magnificently illustrated. Unparalleled opportunity for agents. Best commission. Elegant outfit free. The John C. Winston Co., 225 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—SALESMEN.

WANTED—Salesmen for full line of fruit and ornamental trees, pay weekly outfit free; steady work. Lawrence Nursery Co., Lawrence, Kan.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A FORTUNE for one person in every county. Do you want to become the richest person in your locality? If so, send for particulars of best thing ever offered. Address Invaluable Mfg. Co., Quincy, Ill.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—To rent or lease 4 or 5 room house, in good repair; want suburban property. Address J. D. S. Care Journal.

WANTED—To buy 3 or 5 acre close in; state location and price. Address Buyer, Station B.

WANTED—Use of horse with survey for month or so; will give good cash; no much use; will pay what is right for same. Address W. H. Care Journal.

WANTED—To hire for summer, a gentle pony for girl to ride. 523 Madison st. Mrs. L. L. Lindner.

WANTED—To buy at once for cash sound team weighing 1,200 to 1,400 lbs. Standard Oil Co.

WANTED—To rent by Aug. 1 to 20, 5 or 6 room cottage, pleasantly located on West side; prefer bath and water closet. Address with terms C. K. Care Journal.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, modern conveniences. 508 Harrison st.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; all modern conveniences, bath, etc.; southwest 5th and Madison.

FOR RENT—Furnished sleeping rooms at \$2.00 per month and up, 120 Monroe st.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, electric light and bath. 525 Tyler st.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, bath, gas. 217 W. 6th st. Mrs. Wilder.

FOR RENT—Large furnished room with alcove to gentleman. 115 W. 2nd.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Furnished house of 8 rooms and bath room; modern, all improvements. 1022 Fifth st. Call mornings between 10 and 12 o'clock.

FOR RENT—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR RENT—Barn room for 1 or 2 horses. 206 W. 8th st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE French air reader can be found at 219 Chandler st., Topeka, Kan.

WHY DON'T YOU KETCH ON? We're looking for a man to get out of the city (it's cheaper to move), don't hire help, we don't advertise. Howard's new furniture store, 308 Kansas ave.

FELLOW Traveller, to the bar of God, who's the best? I've got a good one with the sober world? If so, call or write De Voe Liquor Cure Co., 524 Kansas ave. and 102 E. Sixth st., Topeka, Kan.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Baby carriage at 125 Buchanan st.

FOR SALE—Furniture and fixtures of an ice cream parlor and confectionery, good as new. 47 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—Transplanted celery plants. 1021 Madison st.

FOR SALE—Good fresh cow, gives 5 gals. milk a day. 515 Park st. Call after 5 p. m.

FOR SALE—Fresh cow at 1229 Fillmore st.

FOR SALE—Household goods, stoves, beds, chairs, tables, refrigerator, etc. Owner leaving city. Call at once 1211 Madison st.

FOR SALE—Paint shop doing good business. Address East, care Journal.

FOR SALE—Male Spitz pup. 506 E. 18th st. Call after 5 p. m.

FOR SALE—New upright Knabe piano, style V, perfect condition; can be had at a bargain, as owner is leaving city. Address A. A. Care Journal.

FOR SALE—Young cow, cheap, at 102 Hawthorne st., Auburndale.

FOR SALE—A square Emerson piano, cheap. 505 W. 4th st.

FOR SALE—Sow, 2 shoats, 5 pigs, milk cow, Shorthorn bull, 30s Layrence st.

FOR SALE—Household goods, good sewing machine. 410 Taylor st.

FOR SALE—10 foot oak counter with drawers. Room 1, Real Estate Bldg.

FOR SALE—Union, combination rip-cross-cut saw, double head and molder, set for cutting lumber, ready to run, for less than 1/2 cost. Inquire after 5 p. m. at 524 Clay st.

FOR SALE—25 loads of dirt for hauling it away. 1190 Quincy st.

FOR SALE—Old building material, inside doors, front glass doors, window blinds, etc. per pair. 4 sections of room 1231 at 22 per foot, barn door, from 14. 10 boxes. Corner 12th and Quincy st. C. D. Skinner.

FOR SALE—Good mare 8 years old. Inquire Marple's l